UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Do the American People Want to Worship?

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Soviet Russia as Seen Today

By SHERWOOD EDDY

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V—CHAPTER XXXIX

By M. K. GANDHI

Trumpets on New Horizons:

By KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

F. A. DEWSON

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

PHILIP M. HARDING

VOLUME CIV NUMBER 6

Chicago, October 28, 1929

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 Per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1929 NUMBER 6

A TRUE CHURCH

I will give place to no man in true love to a true Church; to some common home where men and women meet who are drawn together by a mutual love; where they can no more help meeting than our children can help rushing home from school; a sort of divine brotherhood, in which every man feels some sorrow when trouble falls to any, and a common interest in each great joy; a Church so true, that if you dishonor one, you dishonor every one, and that any man may be sure his good name is safe while one is within earshot who worships in that place; a Church where great reservoirs of power are filled full and ready to be poured out whenever the true occasion comes to open the floodgates for God or man, and yet where there is such a continual overflow that the store is kept sweet by its own generous flowing; a Church where whatsoever things are true are welcome, and where there is such a constant deepening of spiritual life manifested in the devout utterance of all prayers and praises, that every man is lifted nearer heaven at his need than he could hope to be by solitary meditation.

—Robert Collyer.

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—II Timothy, 7.

We think of this passage, and others like it, as our minds rest in recollection upon the recent visit of J. Ramsay MacDonald to this country. Just what the British Premier has accomplished in practical terms is not yet certain. Perhaps when another disarmament conference has met, and other Shearers got to work, it will be found that he has accomplished nothing. But there are other things in this world besides ships and guns and fortresses. There are the ideas and motives within men's hearts which dictate conduct, and build institutions, and determine policies. After all has been said that can be said, and truly said, about the economic and social causes of war, there still remain those spiritual causes which are far deeper and more terrible. Men have "the spirit of fear" of one another. Distrust, suspicion, hate walk the furrows of human life, and like sowers cast therein the dragon's teeth of fear which spring up into the harvest of armed men. It is this "spirit of fear" which Mr. MacDonald has conjured out of the minds of the citizens of two countries —yea, of two continents—by his inspired visit to America. When he stepped upon these shores looking every inch the Premier, when he spoke in silvery tones to listening millions his message of goodwill, when he "laid his cards upon the table," as he put it, and asked for peace, a new era of history was begun. Suddenly, in place of "fear," there came "power," and "love," and "a sound mind." Men everywhere were as if reborn in the admiration of this great man who himself had no "fear," but only "love." Of Ramsay MacDonald's sincerity as a peacemaker, there can be no doubt. He won his authority in the agonies of persecution that fell upon him for his faith during the Great War. And now he uses this authority to still the tremors of the world! Mankind has seen no statesmanship like this before. Yet is it the only true statesmanship!

The withdrawal of Allied troops from the Rhine has begun, and we are told that the movement will be ended by March 1st next. Thus, will the Great War be ended at last, more than fifteen years after its beginning. For it is an illusion that this War came to an end on Armistice Day in November, 1918, or on that day, months later, when the Treaty of Peace was duly signed at Versailles. The laying down of arms, even the signing of treaties of accord, never mark the conclusion of hostilities. Those hostilities go right on, in latent but none the less destructive form, until by some pressure of events, or some miracle of reconciliation, the world finds again its peace. Take our own Civil War, for example! This fierce struggle began to break up on the field of battle in the winter of 1864-65. Lee's surrender and the formal ending of armed conflict came in the early spring of 1865. But the war went right on—on through Andrew Johnson's administration—on through General Grant's two terms of office. Not until the advent of President Hayes, and his withdrawal of federal troops from the southern states, did hostilities really come to a close. So with the Great War itself! All these years since 1918 have France and England been at war with Germany. Go to the Rhine frontier at any time during this period, and see a conquered people in subjection by the armed soldiery of the foe! But now the troops are being withdrawn. We have promise that peace, real peace, is at last in sight. All of which has important bearing upon the question as to what war is, and how it works. In the past, in latent if not in active form, war has been with us most of the time. Seldom indeed have the nations been genuinely at peace. Heaven speed the day when battles and sieges and occupations will all be

things of the dreadful past, and all men be brothers since they know the ways of arms no more!

The meeting of the American Federation of Labor at Toronto was held under conditions which made more manifest than ever the utter futility of this organization. All of its publicity was blanketed by the visit to the United States and Canada of Mr. MacDonald, Labor Premier of the British Empire. In the very midst of its deliberations came the bombshell from Australia which exploded with the thrilling news of the triumph of the Labor ticket in the parliamentary elections just held. As the very cornerstone of Federation policy through all these years has been the repudiation of political action. The Federation has insisted upon keeping out of politics, except as it has swung its non-partisan support to any candidate of any party who would support the interests of labor. With the result that today, after two generations of active work, organized labor in America is far less of a potent force than in any other progressive country in the world! British labor, impelled by the innate political genius of the English, entered politics at just about the time that the Federation, under the leadership of Gompers, refused to do so. 'Way back in the early days of the Independent Labor Party the workers of Britain refused to lend any support of any kind to candidates of the old parties, and put into the field candidates of their own. For years they accomplished nothing, but they refused to be discouraged. At the turn of the century labor votes began to count for something in English elections. Little by little the Party gathered power. The power grew, slowly but surely. Today Labor has mastered the Empire, and in the persons of the MacDonald Cabinet occupies the seats of authority. The same story is true in precisely the same way of Australia. In democratic countries the road to liberation is political. The refusal of organized labor in this country to take this road is the explanation of all its futility and failure. Gompers, great man as he was, had a blind-spot on this issue. Green, little man as he is, has inherited this blind-spot. Some day the leaders of American labor will recover their vision and then we shall have a real Labor Party.

Our anti-Prohibitionists are queer folk. We never get tired of watching their quaint processes of reasoning. For example! They complain bitterly at the lawlessness caused by the 18th Amendment—yet they themselves are responsible for all this lawlessness, since they are the ones who are breaking the law and by their example encouraging others to do the same! Again, they rage and roar at the Government's interfering with their drinking—yet in the same breath they loudly boast that the Government's enforcement of Prohibition is not interfering with their drinking in the slightest! Come, come, gentlemen, which is it? If enforcement is a failure, why rave so furiously at what is going on? Again, our "wet" friends are all for personal liberty; they contend that the 18th Amendment is a violation of American ideals—an outrage upon the freedom so dearly purchased by the "founding fathers," an enslavement of the people by an odious tyranny, because the state under this Amendment is undertaking to tell us what we can and cannot drink. Yet it is these same "wets" who argue for a light wine and beer law, which would prohibit whiskey, gin, rum, and all other heavy liquors! But is the man who wants whiskey to have no liberty? Is not this toper denied his rights as a free American citizen when the Government undertakes to tell him that he can have beer which he doesn't want, and can't have whiskey, which he does want? If liberty is involved here it must be one thing or the other—either Prohibition, or everything wide open and everybody drunk! Of course, there was never anything more illogical and therefore more ridiculous than the so-called case for the "wets." And this for the reason that, at bottom, they have no case that is honest, straightforward, clean! Nothing is involved in the "wet" cause but personal selfishness—insistence upon having a drink at no matter what expense to the public good. Exactly like the slaveholders of the last century, the "wets" are willing to destroy the nation rather than surrender their cherished institution. It is this which may give us good hope, for what failed once is not now going to succeed.

Why shouldn't preachers be reviewed and criticized in public prints along with actors, musicians, painters, etc.? Why shouldn't a great newspaper have a sermon reviewer as well as a dramatic reviewer, a musical critic and an art editor? Why should a sermon have to wait until it gets between covers to be studied and assessed, instead of being considered when it leaps, a living thing, from the lips of the preacher? We read feeble and fragmentary reports now and then of what Dr. Fosdick or Rabbi Wise said on a certain Sunday, but why not some statement as to whether what they said was said well or ill? We suppose that the answer to these questions is that preaching is not a performance, and therefore, is not to be judged like acting in a drama or playing on a piano. But are acting and piano playing only a performance? Does any preacher ever *live* his sermon more than Henry Irving did one of his great parts? Or is there anything more real and first-hand in a Fosdick sermon than in a Paderewski rendition of a Chopin nocturne? Or, take it the other way around! Is there not a performance, or an *art*, in the preaching of a great sermon as well as in the presentation of a great play? Was not Phillips Brooks one of the greatest of all preachers because, among other things, he was an artist of the

first order of ability? Personally, we think that nothing could be more healthy and heartening than a serious public criticism of our preachers exactly after the pattern of the traditional criticism of our famous artists of stage and platform. This would dignify the church—give it a place in the public mind comparable at least with the theatre and the music hall. It would also put our preachers on their mettle. Suppose that these knew that they were subject to criticism exactly like that which follows our opera singers as they appear each time in the course of a season. It is our guess that, under the conditions, the standard of public preaching would be immeasurably raised. We are all for the public reviewing by trained professional critics of the public preaching by our ministers.

In any list of the ten greatest Americans alive today, the name of John Dewey would be certain to appear. It is more than likely that in any list of the four or five greatest living Americans, it would appear. Indeed, there are some of us who would argue that John Dewey is our one greatest American! Certainly, in the matter of creative influence upon the human mind, there is nobody in this age who can compare with him. For better or worse, his ideas and methods have remolded all educational processes in this country. They have crossed the seas and had their revolutionary effects in other countries. When Russia, undertaking the greatest reorganization of national education known in history, looked for guidance, it turned to Dewey. When the new China realized that right education could alone save the land from chaos, it sought leadership in Dewey. Through all the world this great teacher shines today as the beacon to which men look for light in darkness. But it is not merely as an educator that John Dewey is famous and influential. He is in his own right a mighty figure in philosophy. Not since William James has America produced a thinker so original, comprehensive, and creative. And like James, Professor Dewey is not content to bury himself as an esoteric figure in library or closet, but he comes forth to play his part in the world of practical affairs. In politics he has at all times been a bold progressive —he is supporting the Socialist, Norman Thomas, in the New York mayoralty campaign this fall! In the field of international reform he was one of the first to espouse the cause of the Outlawry of War, and thus give this proposal from the start the intellectual distinction of his support. One would never guess, to meet Professor Dewey, that he is one of the dominant influences in the life of a people. He is the quietest of men, modest to a fault, as unassertive in his person as he is revolutionary in his thought. *He* would never have sought the celebration this month of his seventieth birthday! But friends and students everywhere remembered, and with one accord arose to acclaim John Dewey.

Do the American People Want to Worship?

This article does not attempt to answer the question. It simply raises it, and reports a more or less significant reaction where the question has been raised. The doctrine of deity is questioned in so many circles nowadays that no one can be oblivious to the tendency and its effects upon traditional forms of worship. Can worship survive a loss of the sense of personality in God? If God is not a person can there be worship? Whether religion survives this loss is scarcely a question. It manifestly does, for many of those who do not believe in a personal deity are keenly, vividly, sometimes avidly religious. We are not here concerned with discovering how this can be. It is a fact, and we let it pass as such.

Will worship find a permanent place in American religion, among groups who do not cherish a conception of a personal God as well as among those who do? The answer of some is emphatic: Of course not; worship is of a person and there cannot be worship apart from the adoration of a person. But this reply is not conclusive. Worship, or a religious functioning which partakes of the essential nature of worship, is craved by many who entertain no doctrine of a personal deity. Perhaps the most striking demonstration of this appears in the book of Julian Huxley, "Religion Without a Revelation." Here is the third generation of a family which has discarded theism. He and his father followed in the religious beliefs of his illustrious grandfather. The author of this book at no time in his life entertained a belief in God. Yet few boys of his school were so faithful in attendance upon the worship services of the Anglican Church. And his case stood out. The others followed a routine, believed and worshipped because the form was an institution of their households and their school. Young Huxley worshipped because he wanted to, because something vivid and sincere in his nature responded to the service. Acclaim of a personal deity everywhere forward in the Anglican ritual was for him a negligible incident; it did not obstruct the main purpose of worship.

At the Community Church of New York the question has become so practical that a score sheet is being used to register samplings of opinion in the public it touches. Comments here are based upon the tabulations of the first 20 of these returned sheets. The numbers are insignificant, of course. But the tendencies

they reveal are exceedingly significant. The following comments are intended merely as suggestive to others who may conduct similar studies in their own communities with great profit to the churches and to those who are shaping church programs.

The scoring was made the simplest possible. Each person was asked to check his personal opinion on four possible aims, and upon four possible methods of attaining those aims. The wording of these propositions was necessarily such as to admit of some variations of interpretation. But there was manifest a high degree of intelligence and discrimination in checking the sheets. Those who scored knew what they thought, however little others may share their opinions. On the face there appear inconsistencies in these reactions, but these are largely if not wholly dissipated by closer scrutiny.

The score sheet sets forth the following propositions with opportunity to express three shades of opinion relative to each. The returns on each for the 20 are indicated by figures in the table below. Some did not score on all the propositions:

Aims	Undesirable	Desirable	Very desirable
Direct worship objectively to personal deity	(11)	(2)	(0)
Direct worship subjectively in awe of an impersonal force energizing the universe	(14)	(3)	(1)
Devote "worship" to cultivation of human aesthetic-emotional nature for ethical-social ends	(5)	(7)	(6)
Eliminate worship from the social program	(7)	(2)	(10)
Methods			
Articulate worship with preaching so as to insure harmony of intellectual and emotional effect	(9)	(5)	(3)
Dissociate preaching and worship, requiring each to flourish or languish on its own merits in separate social sessions	(7)	(5)	(4)
Train leaders for the development of worship independently of the pulpit	(11)	(4)	(1)
Conduct popular movement to educate community away from demand for worship	(6)	(4)	(9)

At the bottom of each sheet the scorer was asked to draw a picture of himself in the following details. Here again the returns from the 20 are indicated:

Above was filled out by:

Man (8); woman (12); under 30 (4); 30 to 50 (9); over 50 (7).

High school education (12); college or university education (7).

Religious training in youth: fundamentalist (11); liberal (5); non-theistic (0); no religious training (4).

Present religious beliefs: fundamentalist (0); modernist (3); humanist (12); other (5).

There are too many features worthy of consideration to be covered by comment here, but those who wish to pursue a similar study in other groups should particularly note these: None of these 20 is zealous to preserve the worship of a personal deity. Only two even consider it desirable. Those lacking in the score on the first aim made it plain by their reactions to the other propositions that they voted with the majority. Few, only four out of 20, conceive the agnostic's impersonal force energizing the universe as properly inspiring worship, and only one of them is specially eager about it. Yet three-fourths of the total find a place for worship as outlet for ethical-social impulses. In defining the last aim there appears to be confusion or contradiction. An even half of the total believe emphatically that worship should be eliminated from the social program, though three-quarters of the total consider it desirable that "worship" should be utilized as a means of ethical-social culture. This is not necessarily an inconsistency. A certain proportion of these may share a common current opinion that worship is essentially an affair of the individual and that it should not invade the field of social institutions and programs.

The scoring on methods speaks for itself. There are superficial inconsistencies here, also. When nine consider it very desirable to educate the community away from worship, and four more join them in considering it desirable, the great majority of the group may be considered to be hostile to all forms of worship. But here again the individualists may be showing a strong reaction.

The most significant feature of the scoring is the character and background of the scorers. They were selected haphazard. Those who first came along were asked to show their reactions. They came along that way, doubtless, because the road was familiar. Those of radically different beliefs keep off their road. Not one of these 20 proves to be a fundamentalist, though over half of them received a fundamentalist religious training in their youth. Only four are under thirty, and probably every one of the 20 was well over 20 years of age. All are intelligent, seven being university trained and more than half graduates of high school. More than half have worked out their religious beliefs to the point where they are able to identify themselves as humanists. Five called themselves by terms not named on the score sheet, one designating himself as an atheist, though this individual is active in promoting programs of ethical-social aims.

Twenty common folks cut little figure, of themselves. But every thoughtful observer knows that these count for more than a score. He is not a very intelligent or resourceful religious leader who imagines that he and his church can move serenely on, oblivious of the tendency which these twenty illustrate. Let the religious leadership in any community, even the most conservative, use this score sheet among the common run of citizens, and secure returns under conditions which will subject none to any embarrassment which will detract from his complete sincerity. Religious institutions and programs which stake all upon the per-

sistence of a belief in a personal deity are already falling short of a complete religious ministry. Must not a program of worship be developed in which those who do not entertain such a belief can join? If so, what shall be the character of that program? Who will lead out here?

The writer will gladly furnish any inquirer with a copy of the mimeographed score sheet used in this test, which he can use in making as many as he wishes for himself. Or a sheet can readily be made from the data given above.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

The return to this country of the bodies of American soldiers slain in battle in Siberia in 1919 is a reminder that the United States went to war three times in Woodrow Wilson's administration—against Mexico, against Germany, and against Russia. Congress declared the war against Germany, in due obedience to the Constitution. Who declared the other two wars?

A new newspaper has just appeared in New York. It is called "Today in New York." Advance publicity announces that this "new daily paper gives the news of our great city *before it occurs.*" Here at last is American journalism coming to its own.

We read in the newspapers of Aga Khan, "Indian religious leader and European turf figure." A versatile gentleman and a new type of internationalist!

We had always supposed that the horrors of prison conditions in this country had long since reached their climax. But we discovered we were wrong when we read that in Sing Sing prison, New York, radios have been installed in every cell.

We cannot feel surprise that J. Ramsay MacDonald declined to address the convention of the American Federation of Labor. Like so many other earnest and intelligent persons, he undoubtedly finds it quite impossible to take the Federation seriously.

A group of citizens in San Antonio, Texas, has arisen in protest against the building of *another* church in their neighborhood. This is a healthy sign that the movement against the multiplication of sectarian churches in this country is growing. J. H. H.

Soviet Russia as Seen Today

This is my fifth visit to Russia; twice under the Czarist and three times under the present regime. Once again I find Russia, not only the land of unlimited possibilities but also of unlimited contradictions. With a party of a score of American educators, writers and ministers we spent a few days first in Leningrad, then a week in Moscow; now we are going down the Volga among the peasant villages in central Russia. We have gone everywhere with perfect freedom. We chose our own interpreters, to make us independent of professional guides, bringing one all the way from Texas. We have interviewed Americans, British and German business men and newspaper correspondents, and Russians of all shades of opinion, friends and foes of the government. We have made our own investigations and reached our own independent conclusions, just as we did in England, France and Germany.

I notice many changes now as I compare conditions in Russia with what I found three and six years ago. Among many vivid impressions received this year may be mentioned the following:

1. *The Significance of Russia for the World,* whether for good or evil, is more marked than ever. Here is the largest country in the world trying the boldest social experiment known in history. Its area is more than twice that of the United States, more than double that of all the rest of Europe combined, almost one-sixth of the habitable land area of the globe. Siberia alone, with vast undeveloped resources, if populated with the same density as Belgium, could accommodate the whole present population of the world. With 150,000,000 people, the largest white population in the world, increasing at the unprecedented rate of three millions a year, Russia stands midway between East and West. The most eastern of European nations, the most western of Eastern peoples, Russia is in contact with almost every country in Asia and influences much of Europe. Her population embraces 149 different languages and 182 different nationalities in a group of federated republics united in "voluntary centralism." Some of these peoples are far more primitive and much less civilized than were Egypt and Babylon six thousand years ago. Some of their languages are now reduced to writing for the first time. In our voyage down the Volga we have passed the Tartar Republic and the "German Republic," each with its own autonomous government, education, language and culture, yet as much a part of the Union as our federated forty-eight states. Russia is the world's vast laboratory of social experiment. From Plato onward we have read of Utopias and theories for a new social order. But Russia is the first country that has ever attempted on a national and international scale actually to carry out such a colossal experiment. Both for good and evil Russia must be reckoned with.

2. *The Rapid Development of the Country.* Eight years ago industrial production had fallen to little more than one-tenth of its pre-war maximum. Last year it was 125 per cent of that of 1913 without the aid of a single foreign loan. The national wealth

has increased 34 per cent in the last three years, and the national income nearly 50 per cent in the last two. They have now inaugurated a five-year program in industry and agriculture which contemplates a doubling of the industrial output and an increase in agricultural production of 30 per cent, calling for an expenditure of over three and a half billion dollars on capital improvements and a billion and a half for new plants. At the close of the first year we hear that in some quarters they are equalling and in some exceeding these estimates.

During the last six years Russia has trebled her production of electric power. Colonel Cooper, the creator of Muscle Shoals in America, is now building an even larger hydro-electric plant on the Dnieper river with a capacity of 800,000 horse power, at a cost of $113,000,000, and furnishing irrigation to hundreds of thousands of acres of now arid land. This will electrify the whole southern mining district with its large metallurgical and chemical works, together with a large province like Ontario in Canada.

When I visited Russia six years ago, in 1923, the average wage for an unskilled worker was 25 cents a day, $6.41 a month, or only $77.50 a year. Russia is still confessedly poor, and is compelled to lift herself as it were by her own boot straps. The average wage in industry for all Russia today, according to official Soviet figures, is $33.59 a month; the average in Moscow is $46.32, or about two dollars a day for a forty-two-hour week. Real wages are already 15 per cent above those of 1913 with additional benefits and services amounting to 32 per cent of the total payroll. Russia had about the same number of unemployed as the United States last year but did far more for them. The American working man has much higher wages, but less security against unemployment, old age, sickness, etc. The Russian has lower wages but more security. No intelligent employed worker in the United States with his own home, his auto and radio, would think of exchanging his immense material advantages for the poverty of the Russian worker, and no country in the world has so little to fear from Russian propaganda as our own. But Russia must be compared rather with her own dark past than with more advanced western nations.

We talked with several American business men in Russia, and one or two who were holding concessions. Of the 97 concessions in operation, 31 are German, 12 American, 10 English, 7 Japanese, 6 French, etc. The average profit of each of these concessions is about 60 per cent a year. Here is the story of one young American thirty-one years of age: Four years ago he took a renewable concession for a ten-year period for manufacturing pencils, pens and stationery products. His net profits have run from 50 to 100 per cent a year. He has reduced the price of pencils to one-fifth the pre-war cost. He pays wages of from 7 to 4, and until noon on Saturdays, and with an hour free for lunch each day, during which time we found the majority of the workers, after their own cooperative lunch, playing tennis and volleyball or swimming in the river. They owned and managed their own library, clubrooms, theatricals, concerts, movies and entertainments. Even more impressive was the testimony of this American and his German foreman that there were no more rapid, efficient and disciplined workmen in the world, even compared to German and American standards, under which they had both worked. The American is frankly making millions out of his concession. He believes, with Colonel Cooper of Muscle Shoals, that Russia might be the "New West" for American investment and enterprise, similar to our own virgin continent a generation ago. Indeed Russia, in industry, in agriculture and wealth is in a position somewhat similar to the United States more than fifty years ago.

Russia has multiplied the number of her tractors sixty-six fold since 1913 and has now entered into an agreement with Henry Ford for the manufacture in Russia itself of a maximum of a hundred thousand trucks and automobiles a year during the next decade. Without the roads or facilities for many autos as yet, Russia is rather the land of the tractor and the truck.

Agriculture is confessedly Russia's weakest point, yet she is rapidly developing 5,700 State farms extending over the nine million acres. They have just called into consultation two of America's greatest practical farmers. One of their new farms covers 125,000 acres, the largest in the world, already utilizing 600 tractors. There are also 32,000 collective farms with an aggregate area of over 3,000,000 acres, cooperatively worked by 375,000 farmers. Ninety-seven per cent of all the land in European Russia, however, is in the hands of individual peasants. The present Government increased the arable land available for the peasants in European Russia by about 30 per cent and in the Ukraine by over 70 per cent. Yet there are still over 22,000,000 small farms in Russia, one-third of them of less than twenty-four acres each. Though extremely poor, the majority of these peasants are highly individualistic in their outlook. Yet they are rapidly learning co-operation for their mutual benefit.

The Cooperatives, heavily backed by Government credits, have developed a system of credit societies which have largely eliminated the burden of the middleman. The total membership in the Cooperative societies, which was less than 2,000,000 under Czarist opposition, has now risen to nearly 35,000,000, by far the largest in the world. Their annual turnover has risen to about $11,000,000,000, being a larger financial undertaking than the American Government or the U. S. Steel Corporation. Last year the Cooperatives conducted 55 per cent of the wholesale trade of Russia and 62 per cent of the retail trade. The agricultural Cooperatives alone enroll nearly eight million members, or almost one-third of the peasant farmers. All the land is held in trust by the State for the people, and is worked by individuals or groups under a system of perpetual leasehold. Where once the peasant had to pay perhaps half his crop to an absentee landlord, now he has the land in perpetual possession, which is all he asks. He has a single tax to pay; the remainder is his own, unless the well-to-do peasant is stripped by "voluntary taxation." But he is not getting the manufactured goods which he sorely needs. The Russian peasant is and always has been poor. He is and always has been, heavily taxed. But all things considered, the peasant is probably somewhat better off, and the industrial laborer very much better off, than under the old regime. Added to all this the country belongs to the worker and he knows it. He holds his head high. He has entered upon a new creative epoch in history and he believes in his own destiny. The workers are better clad and better paid than ever before in

Russia. Nowhere have we seen great poverty, pestilential slums or neglected and unrelieved unemployment. Nowhere is child labor permitted in industry. Nowhere has woman so many protected rights. American workers are better off at a hundred points, but the Russian workers are creating the first workingmen's republic in history. It is a new venture of which they are justly proud.

I have not space to write of many signs of improvement in other spheres. For instance, the homeless children, left as a heritage of the famine, that at one time were estimated at a million, were reduced last year to 25,000 and have now practically disappeared. They are being cared for in over 200 colonies and placed in homes and on the farms.

The schools now enroll about eleven and a half million children, or one and a half times as many as before the war. It is claimed that 70 per cent of the children of school age are in school. The number of men who can read and write has been doubled and the women trebled. The campaign against illiteracy is being carried forward with great enthusiasm in seventy national tongues against terrific odds.

They have developed by far the most remarkable social welfare work of any country in the world. Imagine Coney Island turned into one vast park for the largest organized recreation center in the world. Imagine Coney Island turned into one vast park for education, recreation and rest, and run without a penny of profit but at a deliberate loss. On the last night I was there I saw the educational hall, concerts, circus and other entertainments packed and all free. I saw tens of thousands of men, among several millions of workers who had voluntarily voted to give that whole day's work free for the third industrial loan, not for Liberty bonds in war time, but to speed up production in peace time, for national and international welfare. But of this more later.

3. *The Importance of Recognition or Non-Recognition.* Is it to be peace or war with Russia? Neutrality may prove to be as impracticable for America as in the World War. We faced the same problem after the French Revolution. They came red handed from regicide and the guillotine. England under Pitt and most of monarchial Europe refused to recognize the Republic of France, but Washington and Jefferson saw that this stable government was probably permanent. We had to trade with them and our trade had to be protected by recognition and credits. Recognition did not imply approval of past methods or present policies or principles—though for the matter of that our own nation was born of revolution. So we recognized outcast France and later all Europe was forced to do so—when it paid. And what of Russia?

Let us look at the matter a moment from the Russian point of view, for there are two sides to every question. The American colonies entered their revolution of 1776 with their Declaration of Independence, which though viewed by much of monarchial Europe with alarm or cynical contempt, they held as sacred. However we may condemn the Russians' methods, and I shall condemn many of them unsparingly, there can be no question as to the seriousness of their ideal—"To suppress all exploitation of man by man;" to abolish all parasitic elements in society; abolish all secret treaties; free from enslavement millions of laborers in Asia; obtain self-determination for oppressed nationalities; a complete education free for all, and the ultimate equality of all citizens regardless of race or nationality; "to make war impossible and to transform the whole world into a cooperative commonwealth, and bring about real human brotherhood and freedom."

We may view with cynical contempt these ideals, if we choose, just as many American Negroes view clauses in our Declaration of Independence and Constitution which we have violated and still violate in our treatment of them. Russia's Revolution, with these ideals, was the culmination of a long century of struggle and revolt, in prison, banishment and exile, after five centuries of Czarism, against intolerable wrongs a hundredfold greater than any grievances against a stamp act or taxes on tea, etc., of which the American Colonies complained. Following the establishment of their Republic the Russian people have not forgotten the generous words of President Wilson, and the efficiency and generosity of the famine relief provided by our citizens under the direction of Herbert Hoover. The fact is the Russian people have always felt and still feel most kindly toward the American people. But recognition is a matter between Governments. Quite as practical a matter to them and even more so than the famine relief and generous words of President Wilson, the Russians cannot forget that under this same idealistic President this country was invaded by American soldiers, both in Archangel and Eastern Siberia, and without any declaration of war by the American Congress their soldiers were shot down and damage was done to life and property by Americans in uniform, during a period when Russia was fighting for its life at one time on a dozen fronts against invading foreign soldiers and white Czarist armies. Following intervention and invasion, which was naturally more fully described in the Russian press, just as famine relief was in our own, came the world's "hunger blockade" against Russia. To well-fed Americans the expression "hunger blockade" represents two words in the dictionary, but to many a German or a Russian they meant hunger and death. Ten millions perished in the World War, two revolutions, civil war, and the famine, pestilence and chaos that followed. A hunger blockade was particularly effective just at this critical time. For six years the Russians faced perhaps the most colossal combination of difficulties that ever confronted a modern nation in the same period of time.

Following this came a long series of subtle or openly hostile acts against them all over the world, culminating in the seizures of railways, telegraphs, offices, railway and Government officials, in Northern Manchuria, China and elsewhere, and the futile Arcos raid in London. Had their embassies been guilty of propaganda? To my mind there is not only much suspicion, but positive and concrete evidence that they committed this blunder in the earlier years, as under Kamanev in London, but were they alone guilty of this? Before the new day in Mexico introduced by Dwight Morrow, what was the American Embassy doing against the Calles regime and the best president Mexico has had in recent decades? Here also we have not suspicion but evidence. And what of certain imperialistic governments? Were they not only conducting propaganda but as dominant imperialism attempting to make and unmake rulers, dynasties and governments

in other parts of the world, including Russia after the revolution, while we were all holding up our hands in holy horror at the propaganda of Russia? Time and again Russia has captured arms and munitions of certain imperialist foreign powers that were being used against her by others. Her press has carried a long series of accounts of raids, insults and seizures, many of which have never been mentioned in our press. It is not a question merely of legal, formal, paper recognition. Russia is convinced by what seems to her an unbroken chain of unmistakable evidence, that in subtle, silent but most effective ways *the world is at war against her now.* She feels, as did the new-born French Republic and the American Colonies, that he that is not for her is against her. In ways that count are *we* for or against her? In the matter of recognition, in the matter of credits, in the matter of loans, in all matters that count most with her, have we been, and are we now for or against her? Bankers and business men here, Americans and Russians, have told us that what Russia asks is not immediate, unconditional recognition, but at least an open conference on the subject. This they have asked for ever since the day that President Coolidge announced his three conditions for recognition. And this we have steadily, and seemingly to them, contemptuously refused to grant.

As a result of this policy of non-recognition and negative hostility, there has developed in Russia *an almost unbelievable fear psychosis.* They are convinced alike of present latent hostility and of an impending open attack upon them by several of the imperialist powers working through Poland and Roumania in the West, or through certain media in the Far East. This fear psychosis shows itself in three ways, all of which are in striking contrast to three years ago. First there is a marked and unmistakable development of *defensive militarism.* On far flung banners on the street, and on the tiny flags of the little marching Pioneers, their junior Boy Scouts, we read "Be Ready!"

A second result is the recrudescence of the terror against all their internal enemies, both left and right, real or supposed, including Trotskyists, Socialists, Zionists, Counter Revolutionists, etc. (We have just passed under a great bridge on the Volga, and all the passengers were called inside lest some conceivable attempt be made to bomb the bridge. It was about as safe as the Brooklyn Bridge at midday. But remember how we guarded our own bridges in war time. The point is that, in their minds at least, *for them it is war time now.*)

So long as the world remained in even latent warfare against Germany there was no peace; so long as it remains in latent warfare against Russia there will be no peace for the world. Irrespective of their deserts, which was better for the peace of the world, to continue subtle warfare against Germany, or to bring her back into the family of nations, into the League, with full credits and loans, into the Locarno treaty, the Peace Pact, and almost every other privilege, believing that she would respond, as she has responded? And which will be better for the peace of the world—to make war upon or peace with Russia? There are those, alike in Russia and in America, who believe only in force, that human nature can never be changed and never trusted, that the only practical defense is war, or at least military preparedness coupled with suspicion and latent hostility. But some of us hold higher ideals.

The Russians boast of what is to them a great tradition in Lenin, and thousands gather at the tomb of the man whom they believe lived for twenty years in prison and exile, in poverty, scorning comfort and luxury, when wealth and palaces were in his grasp, living in a bare room some ten feet square, on a dollar a day, only to fall at last, like Lincoln, from the final effects of an assassin's bullet, which completely undermined his health.

But a greater than Lenin is here! Some of us profess to follow one who dared to believe that love was stronger than hate, even to the extent of loving one's enemies, real or imagined; that moral suasion is stronger than force, law more effective than violence, that treaties and pacts may be, not mere scraps of paper, but in the developing moral conscience of mankind, more mighty than the sword. At bottom, some of us believe in war and some in peace, and at the last trench there is no pale neutrality possible between the two. Now concretely and practically peace is supremely needed at just two points in the world today—genuine, proportional disarmament on a basis of naval parity with our Anglo-Saxon friendly neighbor across the Atlantic; and friendly recognition, credits, loans and trade with our "enemy" Russia. We cannot isolate one-sixth of the globe which is in closer touch with all Asia than any other country. We cannot, for we have tried it, conquer her by intervention, invasion, hunger blockades, false propaganda, world boycott, subtle warfare and ceaseless latent hostility. For a change, why not, as we did in the case of our late enemy Germany, try the method of friendship? Some day we shall try it and we shall get surprising results. Only at one point I ask for honest realism now. We must, without pharisaic pretensions of "peace" or "neutrality," choose between an attitude and a policy of real peace or war. Whatever our benevolent intentions, to Russia our present policy means war. It *is* war, *now,* And the world will reap what we sow.

On the Volga, Russia. SHERWOOD EDDY.

The Revelation

God's revelation of Himself may be
Ofttimes within the pages of a book,
But all times and forever in a look
Of hill-tops banked with blue infinity;
Forever in the branches of a tree
That leans in whiteness o'er a summer nook;
In iris plumes where waters turn and crook
And make slim paths of yellow down the lea!

God's skies are wide above an earthly throne;
His stars are candles on the altar there;
His clouds, an incense drifting into space!
His love with every dewy rose is shown;
The violets a kindly message bear;
And in the dawn we see Him face to face!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

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PART V—CHAPTER XXXIX

The Birth of Khadi

I do not remember to have seen a handloom or a spinning wheel till the year 1908 when in *Hind Swaraj* I described it as the panacea for the growing pauperism of India. In that book I took it as understood that anything that helped India to get rid of the grinding poverty of her masses would in the same process establish Swaraj too. Even in 1915 when I returned to India from South Africa I had not actually seen a spinning wheel. When the Satyagraha Ashram, Sabarmati was founded we introduced a few handlooms there. But no sooner had we done this than we found ourselves hard up against a difficulty. All of us belonged either to the liberal professions or to business; none of us was an artisan. We needed a weaving expert to teach us to weave before we could work the looms. One was at last procured from Palanpury, but he did not communicate to us the whole of his art. But Maganlal Gandhi was not the one to be easily baffled. Possessed of a natural talent for mechanics he was able fully to master the art before long and one after another several new weavers were trained up in the Ashram.

The object that we set before us was to be able to clothe ourselves entirely in cloth manufactured by us. We therefore forthwith discarded the use of mill-woven cloth and all the members of the Ashram resolved to wear hand-woven cloth made from Indian yarn only. The adoption of this practice brought us a world of experience. It enabled us to know from direct contact the conditions of life among the weavers, the extent of their production, the handicaps in the way of their obtaining their yarn supply, the way in which they were being made victims of fraud and, lastly, their ever growing indebtedness. We were not in a position immediately to manufacture all the cloth for our needs. The alternative therefore was to get our cloth supply from handloom weavers. But ready-made cloth from Indian mill-yarn was not easily obtainable either from the cloth-dealers or from the weavers themselves. All the fine cloth woven by the weavers was from foreign yarn, since Indian mills did not spin fine counts. Even today the outturn of higher counts by Indian mills is very limited, whilst highest counts they cannot spin at all. It was after the greatest effort that we were at last able to find some weavers who condescended to weave Swadeshi yarn for us after the Ashram had promised to take over all the cloth that they might thus produce. By thus adopting cloth woven from mill-yarn as our wear and propagating it among our friends we made ourselves voluntary agents of the Indian spinning mills. This in its turn brought us into contact with the mills and enabled us to know something about their management and their handicaps. We saw that the aim of the mills was more and more to weave the yarn spun by them; their co-operation with the handloom weaver was not willing but unavoidable and temporary. We became impatient to be able to spin our own yarn. It was clear that till we could do that ourselves dependence on the mills would remain. We did not feel that we could render any service to the country by continuing as agents of Indian spinning mills.

No end of difficulties again faced us. We could neither get a spinning wheel nor a spinner to teach us how to spin. We were employing some wheels for filling pearns and bobbins for weaving in the Ashram. But we had no idea that these could be used as spinning wheels. Once Kalidas Jhaveri discovered a woman who he said would demonstrate to us how spinning was done. We sent to her a member of the Ashram who was known for his great versatility in learning new things. But even he returned without wresting the secret of the art.

So the time passed on and my impatience grew with the time. I plied every chance visitor to the Ashram who was likely to possess some information about handspinning with questions about the art. But the art being confined to women and having been all but exterminated, if there was some stray spinner still surviving in some obscure corner, only a member of that sex was likely to find out her whereabouts.

In the year 1917 I was taken by my Gujarati friends to preside at the Broach Educational Conference. It was here that I discovered that remarkable lady Gangabehn Majmundar. She was a widow but her enterprising spirit knew no bounds. Her education, in the accepted sense of the term, was not much. But in courage and commonsense she easily surpassed the general run of our educated women. She had, already, got rid of the curse of untouchability and fearlessly moved among and served the suppressed classes. She had means of her own and her needs were few. She had a well seasoned constitution and went about everywhere without an escort. She felt quite at home on horseback. I came to know her more intimately at the Godhra Conference. To her I poured out my grief about the charkha, and she lightened my burden by a promise to prosecute an earnest and incessant search for the spinning wheel.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

What Is the Poet's Fatherland?

What is the poet's Fatherland?
Where do the borders start?
Its unconfining frontiers are
Mapped like the human heart.

This is the poet's Fatherland,
Which his vast dreams patrol:
The poet knows no country but
The country of the soul.

LOUIS GINSBERG.

Autumnal Reflections of a Minister

I

It is with a deeper sense of humility than I have ever felt before that I enter upon this year's work in the pastorate and in the pulpit. More profoundly than ever do I realize the crying need for a courageous, intelligent and spiritual declaration of the principles of liberal religion. Unless this declaration is made with all the sympathy and earnestness born of a sincere conviction in the minds and souls of the liberals of America, we are headed for one of the worst periods of irreligion in the history of western civilization. Nothing can give to the organized forces of genuine spirituality in our country a commanding place in the life of this century save a great awakening and articulation of the scattered voices of religious liberalism.

During the summer I have lived with my ear to the ground, so to speak, in the matter of the religious life of America. I have tried to steep my mind in the history and traditions of American piety; I have read thousands of pages of old memoirs dealing with the bygone labors of Baptists, Universalists, Methodists and others who did the best they knew for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven; I have visited dozens of historic old churches in Virginia and New England in an effort to immerse my soul in the river of life that flows through the religious history of our land. I have done all this because I realize that the time has come for a brave and outspoken departure from much of the theology and from many of the religious practices of our courageous forbears, and yet I would not fail to catch something of their spirit of holiness, something of their stern sense of duty, something of the beautiful austerity and moral dignity of their religion.

Thus I have not been ashamed to pray in the hallowed shrines and to read in the sacred pages of American religion.

But I am ashamed of the thoughtless complacency among the liberals of this generation and more than ashamed of the encouragement which that complacency receives from the reactionary leadership of those who assume to wear the mantle of religious liberalism, yet who, either through a caution born of worldly ambitions or through a mind enfeebled by the lack of intellectual discipline or through a soul too weak to bear the rigors of an open sea, persist in giving comfort and aid to all those forces of reaction which have bound even their own souls in the horrible shackles of fear and darkness.

Against such complacency, and against the leadership which nourishes it, I declare a warfare that will acknowledge no truce and will agree to no compromises. This I do not as an individual, but as a comrade who is determined to fight shoulder to shoulder with all those who abhor the fogginess of present-day liberalism on the one hand and the mire of barbarous medievalism into which orthodoxy has sunk on the other.

Then let me be plain. I believe absolutely in the compatibility of science and religion. I believe that there cannot possibly be any conflict between them after both have stood the test of experience. I believe, of course, that there is an eternal conflict between truth and falsehood, which science seeks to resolve, and between good and evil, which religion attempts to settle. But to set up religion against science, or science against religion, means to arraign holiness against truth, or truth against holiness, when actually these are two phases of the same thing. Some foggy liberals counsel us to put science in *its* place, and religion in *its* place, lest the one destroy the other. Heaven forbid! Has holiness, or religion, anything to fear from truth, or science? Or can the desire of man to purify his motives and hidden impulses, that is to become holy, possibly suffer through a concomitant desire to gain an ordered knowledge of and control over the forces and objects of his environment, which is the desire nourished by science?

It is time liberals came together on this point. Let our minds be finally bereft of the fallacious reasoning which puts religion in the attic and science in the basement while we live in a middle apartment not greatly touched by either. Science has never belittled man. Instead it has brought him forth out of filth and given him a world to live in made comparatively safe by a thousand sanitary devices. As science has done this religion has been given more and more of an opportunity to deliver mankind from the mentally excruciating inner conflicts which beset his mind in prescientific days. The religious impulse, the desire to be pure and holy, was formerly used to bolster up a hideous theology of selfish gods of fear and superstitions, but now, with the onward march of science, those gracious impulses are finding increasing opportunities to realize themselves in the peace that once passed all understanding and was seldom attained.

It is time, then, for liberals to throw off that remnant of fear and superstition, which causes them to be forever running to the defense of God (who, if he be a God that needs our defense is not worth it), and concentrate all the high and holy impulses of their lives on the task of demonstrating the divinity which is within us all.

II

"I have travelled a good deal in Concord," said the wise Thoreau. In these days of spectacular flights around the world, and "hops" across the continent, it is well to reflect upon the advantages of Thoreau's way of travelling over the more modern method.

Thoreau was a very sensitive man. He was aware of a far larger proportion of his immediate environment than is the average person. He heard a thousand natural sounds which ordinarily escape the attention of those whose sense of hearing is not so acute nor so well developed by discriminating use. Our ears are ceaselessly bombarded with the absurd output of the radio broadcasting stations, programs which are little more than auditory billboards badly disfiguring the earscenery of our mental landscape. Thoreau would let loose a few fine-pointed arrows from his quiver at the radio-educated ears of the populace of our day, if he were here to do it.

I should particularly like to hear what Thoreau would have said about the religious rubbish which was heard only last Sunday morning over the radio. At eight o'clock in the morning one listened to an evangelist from New York City say, "My Saviour bleeds upon the tree for you, my brother, the blood streams from his hands, his feet, his pierc-e-ed side, and all for you, that you might be saved, he hangs there still bleeding and bleeding and bleeding for your sins, that you might be washed as white as snow," and much

more in the same vein. This on Sunday, August 25, 1929, to a New England audience numbered by the thousands in the land of Emerson, Channing and Harvard College.

Immediately after this evangelist had preached, Judge Rutherford, leader of that unlettered army of religious book-agents known as The International Bible Students Association, was heard. Judge Rutherford (I do not know where he gets the title) quoted innumerable Bible texts which he said offered indisputable proof that Hoover and his Law Enforcement Committee, in fact every government agency in existence working to establish righteousness on earth, were all laboring in vain because these Bible passages made it perfectly plain to all who would read them that the lawlessness of our day had been ordered by God as a prelude to the second coming of Christ who alone would set up a reign of righteousness to last for a thousand years. Until Christ comes, said the learned Judge, there is nothing man can do to stop evil; it will become more and more widespread until these scriptures are fulfilled. This on Sunday, August 25, 1929, at about ten o'clock in the morning of a lovely summer's day—and just after the barbarous broadcast to which I have already referred.

Then, at eleven o'clock, came a church service from one of the best known churches in Boston. This service was orderly, far more dignified than either of the previous two performances, but, so far as I can judge, one might have been listening to a service in the same church three hundred years ago for all the difference it would have made. There was an entire absence of any word or act to indicate that this particular church had been touched in the least by all that vast stream of purifying and elevating thought which the spirit of man has created in the past three centuries. I even heard it read, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me," a hideous and disgraceful attitude toward a thing as sacred as life itself, incorporated into this service simply because it happens to be a part of the Bible.

Next, I heard a service being broadcast from the Christian Science church in Boston to which I did not care to listen, having heard what I felt sure to be the same thing many times before.

Now what would Thoreau say to all this? If he found the village of Concord objectionable in 1845, refusing to pay his parish-tax because he didn't believe in the religion preached, refusing to pay his poll tax because he objected to slavery, retiring to Walden Pond to live in a hut for two years and two months because he wanted to show his ability to get along without the inanities of Concord civilization, then, one is inclined to ask, what would this wise man have to say about what one may hear on the radio almost any Sunday morning?

Whenever I hear anyone say that liberals have done their work, that religion has been refined of its ineptitudes and barbarisms, I wonder whether it is their ears that hear not, their eyes that see not, their minds that care not, or their souls that are too sick to rebel against ugliness, superstition and fear parading under the holy banner of religion.

—Raymond H. Palmer.

The Study Table

An Agnostic Anthology

I never tire of reading anthologies. For years they have been to me a perpetual delight. Here in my library I have well over fifty volumes of prose and poetry selections, running all the way from Palgrave's classic "Golden Treasury" and Quiller-Couch's almost classic "Oxford Book of English Verse" to Carolyn Wells's incomparable "Book of Humorous Verse" and F. P. A.'s excellent collection of contributions to his famous "Conning Tower." Still they come hurrying from the press, and still I buy them one by one to add to my library shelf.

The latest, and in some ways the most novel, of these anthologies appears under the distinguished editorial direction of Clarence Darrow, assisted by Wallace Rice. Its title* indicates clearly enough its distinctive character. It presents what I have never before seen between the covers of a book—an elaborate collection of the famous and beautiful statements which have been made in various times and places, by various great spirits of the race, of the agnostic point of view toward life. On its title-page appears a sentence from Emerson—"Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know." The first selection is, fittingly enough, Huxley's well-known story of the origin in his own experience and by his own invention of the word "agnostic." The last selection is, as fittingly, the great speech from Shakespeare's "The Tempest," ending with the matchless lines—

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

The range of the volume can best be indicated perhaps by listing the title of the various sections into which its contents are divided. These are—"Foundation Stones," "The Depths of Thought," "Honest Doubt," "Gods and Demigods," "The Wise of Old," "Priestcraft and Piety," "Creeds and Dogma," "Mores and Morals," "Men and Women," "Our Humbler Brethren," "Our Father, Time," "Death and Love," "In Time to Come," "Beyond This Life," and "The Sum of Life."

This is a range of interest surprisingly broad and inclusive for an agnostic's Bible. The authors quoted are equally generous in number and catholic in spirit. Those quoted the most—five times or more!—are William Blake, Samuel Butler, William K. Clifford, Clarence Darrow, John Dewey, Havelock Ellis, A. E. Housman, Julian T. Huxley, Robert G. Ingersoll, Wallace Rice, James Harvey Robinson, Herbert Spencer, Leslie Stephens and A. C. Swinburne. Others conspicuous are Matthew Arnold, Robert Burns, Thomas Hardy, Thomas H. Huxley, Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, Shelley, Mark Twain, and William Watson. These, with Emerson, Longfellow, Keats, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Lucretius, Plato, make up a great and

*"Infidels and Heretics," by Clarence Darrow and Wallace Rice. Published by the Stratford Company, Boston. $3.00.

noble cloud of witnesses. No one, not even the believer, can hesitate to enter such company.

It might be thought that an anthology of this type, prevailingly negative in tone, would be gloomy and depressing. Nothing could be farther from the truth! There is a sober, almost stern, character about it all. But along with this, great dignity, humility, reverence, wide tolerance, sweetness of temper, and infinite pity for mankind. It is a cleansing experience to read this book. The editors may not like it, but I have to confess that I found the work to be deeply and truly religious.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Essentials of Civilization

The title of this book* is intriguing. The performance, while commendable, is in a large measure less than the fascinating title would suggest.

There is a blending of pragmatic sociology with idealist philosophy which mixes like oil and water. There is after all little utility in wading through a long new book to deduce that the essentials of civilization are health and sanitation, appreciation of our successful adaptation to the material and human elements of environment, conservation of the social heritage from one generation to another, and recreation.

Babbitt knows all this, even though if called upon to summarize it he might use Omar Khayyam's simpler phraseology, "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry," adding thereto as a resultant of a high school education in Zenith—and "Keep yourself clean."

There is a complete absence of the much needed plea for what William James called "the more."

Sociology has fairly well postulated these main ideas—what we need is a plea for a cultural emphasis as a corollary. All in all, Mr. Jones contributes very little to the sum total of our knowledge and nothing to the colossal ignorance of the vital essentials to a worthwhile civilization for which we are all yearning.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

*"The Essentials of Civilization," by Thomas Jesse Jones. Published by Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Trumpets on New Horizons

A Monthly Column of Poetry

If Our Blind Eyes Could See

If only our blind eyes, for one swift day,
Could look into dream-gardens everywhere,
Our own dead furrows all along the way
Would never seem inevitably bare.
One look at desolation that we knew
And thought was ours alone—the faded leaf,
The broken flower—and we would plant anew—
A deathless dream to touch the wounds of grief.

We are too busy building walls to hide
Our frosted dreams to take the time to hear
The voices calling from a distant tide;
Our eyes too blind to see an alien tear.
A look into dream-gardens of the land
Might challenge us and help us understand.

KATE RANDLE MENEFEE.

Truth for Autumn

Autumn is haze-drenched, her golden fields
Conceal some secret that I'd know;
Contain some undiscovered tides, for all this gold
Is but the froth and jetsam of its flow.

Autumn is unthinking loveliness,
Drowsily weaving, weaving her garlands of white and gold
For her sunbrowned body and her hair,
Nor does she harbor wisdom in her fold.

Yet wise love will come upon her;
Sometime, some way wise love will gather her in,
And upon her vine and tree and flower
Will hang fruit and bloom together . . . freed of Adam's sin.

Winter will be a stray in other stars,
Drought will pass to nothingness whence it came;
In all the woods and fields will be but love
Nor any hatefull or hungry—nor any sick or lame.

F. A. DEWSON.

Urgence

Great cliffs tear asunder,
Great tides bear under.

Time, space, quicken me
With the urgence of the sea.

As waves lash the shore
And their beauty pour,

So let me quicken under
Great tides that tear asunder,

Seeking ever higher, higher
With a burning, quenchless fire,

Never content to lie
Beneath an indifferent sky,

Keen as a flashing star,—
As glowing craters are,—

God, keep my soul alight
With fires burning bright.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

"Im Westen Nichts Neues"

All quiet now. The poor frayed scraps
of body that were life will be
sap for the barley or perhaps
the linden tree.

This did you say
on your last day:
"the limbs are mud,
the body clay,
the eyes grey pools of rain . . . "

It's good
to die that way
if one must die . . .

It's good to die when there is pain;
when there are men who crucify
dreams for a merchant gain.

Water and light drill through the mesh
of rib and mangled dung that's you:
this, the predestined end of flesh,
is residue!

If there were words—and if there were
a mouth, what thought would urge them stir?
Would you remember enemies—
God—and the last sweet bayonet-thrust?
And are you better dead? And is
there ANY Country worth this dust? . . .

All quiet now . . .

PHILIP M. HARDING.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

FROM THE PLATFORM

DORIS MCKAY

Report of an Inter-Racial Amity Conference held at Rochester, N. Y., March 8, 1929, one of a series of Conferences organized and arranged by the National Bahái Committee of Inter-Racial Amity, in the leading cities of the United States and Canada, the purpose of which as stated on the program is, "the promotion of good will, understanding and friendly co-operation among people of varied races. The attitude of inter-racial amity has a direct bearing upon the peace of the world. Only upon a spiritual foundation can the security of all races and nations be permanently built."

I sat on the platform in the humble but indispensable office of chairman and watched the people come in. To say why each came would be to write a hundred volumes of human history. They came generously, wistfully or courageously, cynically or hopefully. They drifted in and the room looked like a checker board. Some bore the look of those about to wake from slumber, some faces shone with love, most faces were still. It was a matter of conjecture what feelings bubbled beneath the enigmatic exterior, what thoughts flashed in the night from the sending stations behind the foreheads mahogany, or cream, or white.

Was it an intellectual appeal that brought them here? Had they grasped something of the truth about the New Negro, his needs and his demands? Did they foresee the growth of a New White Man destined to be the brother of the new negro, and that the new negro should clash with the old conditions, and that the new white man should arise to help him unfold his life? Or did they come with the ancient emotional urge, to know and to be understood, to give and to accept?

On the platform sat two men representing two races. One was a young white minister for whom to have an idea meant to perform an act. Sympathetic brown eyes, the high, daring nose of one who leads others also to action, tall, with broad shoulders, a smile of boyish naivete—he was quite plainly of the New Race, product of the twentieth century, fruit of the unknowing past. On the other side sat a dark man, dignified and calm.

The choir from the African Zion Church ranged itself beside the platform and sang in their rich harmonizing voices. The minister of their church, a young man six months away from the different life of Charleston, S. C., offered a reverent invocation.

Then upon silence fell the words of one who had traveled the country over interpreting the message of true brotherhood. They listened to the words of 'Abdu'l-Bahá:

"In the human kingdom there are points of contact, properties common to all mankind; likewise points of distinction which separate race from race, individual from individual. If the points of contact which are the common properties of humanity overcome the peculiar points of distinction, unity is assured. On the other hand, if the points of differentiation overcome the points of agreement, disunion and weakness result. One of the important questions which affect the unity and solidarity of humankind is the fellowship and equality of the white and colored races. Between these two races certain points of agreement and points of distinction exist which warrant just and mutual consideration. In physical bodies, sense endowment, intelligence, patriotism, language, citizenship, civilization and religion you are one and the same. A single point of distinction exists; that of racial color. God is not pleased with, neither should any reasonable or intelligent man be willing to recognize inequality in the races because of this distinction."

The young white minister came down from the platform and stood in front of the people. He told them about a plate of beans. The colored laundress had eaten only part of them and his mother had passed them over for her hungry little boy's second helping. He told them of the little colored playmates he had had, and the colored iceman who was his friend, to see whom is still part of the satisfaction of a visit home, of his Chinese college room mate, still his intimate friend. He told them of his having been chaplain in the Army of Occupation and how he had lived among the people of Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Austria and England, and had found all lovable, had been kindly treated by all, had found a common ground, a common bond. Then of his marriage back in America and who came. Professors, students and laborers of various nationalities made up the audience. The ushers consisted of a Chinese, Japanese, a Frenchman and an American. The ring bearer was the

Correspondence

Law Enforcement

Editor of UNITY:

European editions of American papers chiefly feature what goes wrong about Prohibition. The reported killings in the name of law enforcement make one feel rather sick. At the borders, whether Mexican or Canadian, there is no excuse for not stopping *before* one crosses the line. We may be sure no American citizen runs over the line going into Canada or Mexico any more than they do over here, in Europe, at these too numerous boundaries. People stop at national boundaries if they have any sense and can see straight.

Even greater than the strain wealth puts on character is that of absolute authority, carrying with it the power of life or death. I am not excusing only trying to account for this terrible growing death list. In so doing my mind travels back to those training camps and those dangling human effigies hung up for the boys to practice bayonet killing. They made me feel so sick and nauseated I couldn't go to see the more human looking things they shot at. The kindly soldier guide said, "Oh, gee, that's too bad, but lots of the fellows feel sick that way at first, but the regular hard boiled sergeants we have to train us soon knock that out of us. It gets to be like a game and we want to get in the real thing."

Smith Brookhart says most of the regular soldiers were kept in the United States. Of course they were; they couldn't be sent out without sergeants. It took all the hard boiled regular sergeants to knock the nonsense and squeamishness out of the boys and make them want to fight someone. I have waited for the story of these training days to be written. Perhaps those who could have done it best were made insane before they went over, or are so now. I have talked to some and wondered how much sense there might be in their ravings.

In trying to find competent playground directors in Chicago by "sitting in" the civil service examinations I came up against the astonishing regulation that ex-service men must be given preference. Again I thought of the fits and misfits and wondered if our last stupidity wasn't even greater than our first. Of course, as we forced them to enlist, we must take care of all who cannot care for themselves. We are spending vast sums to care for those we sent to meet and be claimed by blindness, deafness, insanity, tuberculosis and maimed bodies, not doing it any too well if you ask the boys. Why not assume the entire burden and not put an extra load on our civil service that, in most cities, is already manipulated for politics?

I wondered if those who hoped to rescue prohibition enforcement from politics by civil service had ever tried to get playground directors with no other consideration than their fitness as such. I wondered if the Federal rule is the same as Chicago's: "Ex-service men first in all civil service jobs!" I think it is.

The trouble is one can't forget those dangling effigies and the more human things they practiced shooting at, and the feeling of resentment many had that they didn't have a chance at the front.

They say the theological schools have not many students now, yet there must still be young men anxious to serve. I have often wondered why they who long to serve, looking at the confusion in law enforcement, have not offered themselves in the civil service lists. It takes character, devotion, idealism and true patriotism to enforce laws these days as policemen or patrolmen. They, even as the ministers, have to take the vow of poverty so little do we pay our civil servants.

But, to the glory of our American manhood, we still have heroes among our policemen, our patrolmen, as well as in our fire departments, and honest judges are occasionally nominated by the politicians.

We can't knock that squeamishness out of boys that holds life sacred, then put guns in their hands and expect them not to be quick on the trigger, whether they are interested in law enforcement or not. The friends of civil service had better look well to it. I fear it is made to carry too heavy a burden, weakened as it is by political manipulation. O. C. S.

small son of a West Indian Negro who in the glory of white gloves presented the rings at the proper moment.

He said: "From my experiences I have learned that the door should be opened to all."

During his recital a change had come over the rows of listeners. Their faces came out of their obscurity. Eyes danced with enjoyment. Lost in his sparkling narrative, self-consciousness vanished for the rest of the evening. Mind leaped to mind. A sweet-faced white lady down in the front nodded and smiled, the four dark skinned ministers listened with keen intellectual appreciation. Into the eyes of the secretary of the Negro Y. W. C. A. came a dreamy look softer than that which her busy executive position had made habitual. On the face of the organist of the African Zion Church came the look that music brings. White co-operative leaders were there, their names well-known to the progressive growing city. They gave their sanction. I began to notice the eyes of a young woman named Ruth, a singer in the choir. They became caressing. They became as beautiful as jewels. Yet early in the evening they had shown the veiled opacity of self-defense. We exchanged looks and smiles.

It seemed as if joy swept its wings across the room. It was like the prelude to adventure. It was as if one had found the golden key which would unlock a certain door behind which treasure lay. Patience it took to find the key, courage to turn it in the keyhole where it just fitted—to the open door! Inside was found that for which each one had secretly yearned, that which a wise Creator had left undeveloped in one race that it might be supplied by another in gracious interchange.

The bounty of fulfilment made itself heard lke an augury in the midst of startled joy. The chairman told of her International Bed where a Hindu, a Persian-Indian Muhammadan, a Negro, two Chinese and several Persians at different times had slept, and of the enrichment of life which had come from the friendships with these most welcome guests. Yellow, black or cream—they had been as one guest in the contribution each had brought, said the speaker, when around the hospitable hearth our minds and souls had leaped together to new levels of understanding. Life for one race without the others is like living in a two-dimensional plane. A crack becomes an insurmountable wall. Surface there is—that only—and that which is lacked is not known.

Another spiritual was sung, and then the dark man spoke on the subject of anthropology. He showed by scientific argument backed by men of prominence that the human race is one and that pigment, that sable bar sinister, is but a geographical record of experiences ages old; that the true bar sinister is ignorance and oppression and injustice—that before the attack of education and an equal chance these superstitions will crumble.

Into the eyes of some there seemed to come a look of release. Had this doubt of equality so subtly planted by the white man in his stand for supremacy shed a little of its poison in any humble heart of simplicity? Is it not to slay this secret fear that men at times take arms against their oppressors? The white man has said he is superior. Is he not caught now in his own scientific mistake? In his dangerous and cruel mistake? It was as though it had been said, *Walk forth as free men. Freed from the burden of insinuation of inferiority, in the light of science, no longer need you feel the yoke of the ignorance and superstition of the race whose guests you were. Before you stretches the long road of progress along which, laden as you were, you have traveled with incredible swiftness. Be part of the New Age which awaits, expectantly, your indispensable contribution.*

I heard the National Negro Anthem for the first time then. It rang around the room, perhaps sixty voices pouring out their imperishable spirit in song. It seemed as if the walls would burst with the volume of the triumph of that song. *Spiritual triumph.* There was song and nothing but song:

. . . "Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea,
Sing a song full of the faith that
the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the
present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day
begun,
Let us march on 'til victory is won."

This song is almost unbearably beautiful because it breathes the spirit of a people who have been persecuted:

". . . We have come over a way that
with tears has been watered.
We have come, treading our path
through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past. . . ."

In the last verse the voices softened, rich overtones deepened. There blended into that flaming stream of tonal beauty the sound of the crooning of lullabies, the whisper of the wind blowing in the tops of tropical trees, the sign which comes when triumph turns to prayer—the murmur of many weary people thanking God for rest.

"God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on
the way:
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray,
Lest our feet stray from the places,
our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine
of the world, we forget Thee. . . ."

The song had not vanished quite. There was no sound; yet, to keener ears than ours the song lived on. Liberated from those dusky, singing throats, it fled to touch the sounding stations of what hearts we do not know. The Holy Spirit took this form. Those after echoes were the Voice of God inviting all His chickens once more beneath His wings.

The tide of mauve and gold (there is no brown) crested with white, arose to surge around our island, the platform. We met in fellowship precious and rare, in the Day of the coming together of all peoples, in the Day of Bahá'u'lláh. And in this greater vision that which was forgot was—*color.*

This had been a meeting of the human race.

—*The Bahái Magazine.*

OCTOBER

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LEFT UNDONE

At vesper-tide,
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
"Since none I wronged in deed or word
today,
From whom should I crave pardon?
Master, say."
A voice replied:
"From the sad child whose joy thou hast
not planned;
The goaded beast whose friend thou
didst not stand;
The rose that died for water from thy
hand."

The Outlook. —*Emily Sargent-Lewis.*